# THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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## THE DEFAMER PUNISHED:

A TALE.

WANTON defamation of the character of the innocent evinces the most contemptible meanness in the disposition of him who is guilty of it; and, in fact, we generally find that whoever is sufficiently base to sink into so wretched a vice, will likewise, when detected and threatened with justly-merited punishment, descend to make the most degrading and abject submissions.

Mr. Henry Random was a young man of dissipated manners and debauched principles. He lived riotously, at once squandering his own property, and that of as many other persons as were sufficiently simple and ignorant of his character to give him credit. To add to the external appearance of his gentility, he had contrived to obtain a commisson, which he disgraced by the whole of his conduct, until he was at length shunned by all his brother officers who knew him. Still, however, he found companions enough to associate with him, and such as mistook his insolence for spirit, his ribaldry for wit, and the slanderous falsehoods with which he entertained them, for a proof of his knowledge of the world.

It chanced one day that this young gentleman of vivacity and gallantry, being in a public coffee-room with some of his associates, was amusing them with various facetious anecdotes, not a little injurious to the character of a young lady, whose name he did not scruple to mention. His sly hints and innuendos were received with great applause by the company with him, and the riotous laugh circulated with the glass; till, at length, encouraged by his success, he proceeded to the most positive and base slanders.

All this exquisite and high-favoured merriment was, however, suddenly interrupted by an elderly gentleman, likewise an officer, who unexpectedly came out of an adjoining box, where he had sat unobserved during the whole of this entertaining and instructive conversation, and who, approaching our hero, accosted him in the following words—

"It is not merely because the young lady whose name you have mentioned, and whose reputation you have so wantonly and shamefully traduced, is placed under my guardianship; nor is it merely because she is most dear to me from the esteem I bore to her father, my deceased friend, that I rise up to aver that all you have said of her is a mean and slanderous *lie;* but it is from the knowledge I have of her character, and from a certainty that it is impossible that many of the circumstances you have related should be true, that I declare that all you have said is a most base and infamous *lie;* and I must add that, had your story been true, it would only have proved your own character to be contemptible; but, as it is false, it proves you a *scoundrel.*"

The words *lie* and *scoundrel* act like the electric shock on all men of honour; and our young gentleman of honour appeared to feel it very sensibly, as he immediately talked of his sword, and insinuated a challenge.

"Young man," said the officer, "though I am far from thinking such a kind of decision very satisfactory with respect to truth or falsehood—right or wrong; yet as I think there must be something very mean and dastardly in the man who can utter such infamous falsehoods, and that his own conscience alone may disarm him, and as I shall be supported by the consciousness that I defend virtue and innocence, and animated by my indignation against vice and calumny, I am willing to appeal immediately to our swords. We will, if you please, go out into a small inclosure there is behind the house, and try our skill and courage without further delay."

Though Mr. Random was by no means a hero, he found himself now in such a situation that he could not avoid complying with this proposal, in the presence of the company of which he had been the captain, without forfeiting every pretence to honour in future. He likewise flattered himself that he had much the advantage of his antagonist in point of youth and agility, and might, therefore, perhaps obtain an easy victory. He therefore accepted the offer, and they went out together. But, unfortunately, the very first thrust which the youthful warrior made was put by with infinite ease by the experienced veteran, who immediately rushed in on his adversary, and, having gotten him in his power, was about to bid him ask his life; but before he could utter a word he beheld him on his knees before him, with uplift hands most piteously crying for mercy; and eagerly declaring that every word he had uttered, with respect to the young lady, was totally false; offering, at the same time, to make any recompense, or submit to any penance, which might be demanded. Mr. Holford (such was the officer's name) caused him to remain in the posture in which he was, till his companions from the coffee-room had gathered round; when he thus addressed the vanquished suppliant and them.

"I can ask no more than a formal acknowledgment that all the slanders you have uttered are false: this you have made, and I am satisfied. As for you, gentlemen; if gentlemen you be—let me remind you that your companion, whatever, in his present posture, he may appear in your eyes, is not now so much disgraced as he before disgraced himself; for the man who confesses and offers to make reparation for his crime, under whatever circumstances of humiliation and debasement he may do it, is at least somewhat more deserving respect than he could be while in the actual perpetration of that crime, however he might receive the honour and applause of the ignorant or the vicious."

## JUDGE JEFFERIES.

THE fallen Lord Chancellor Jefferies, the cruel instrument of despotism under James II. died imprisoned in the Tower of London, of a broken heart, aided by intemperance. Whilst there he received, as he thought, a present of a barrel of Colchester oysters, and expressed great satisfaction at the thought of having some friend yet left; but on taking off the top of the barrel, appeared an halter!

# Biography.

[We this day present our readers with a biographical account of one of the greatest wits of the age, JOHN WOLCOT, M. D. well known in the literary world by the name of PETER PINDAR, ESQ. So many vague accounts of this writer are in circulation, some of which contradict others, that a correct biography of his life has been eagerly sought for by a numerous class of readers. The greatest caution should be exercised, lest eminent individuals suffer by ungrounded insinuations, or by anecdotes evidently circulated for the purposes of calumny and misrepresentation. Characters can seldom be justly estimated till the decease of the individual....then prejudices are supposed to subside....virtues and vices are weighed in the nicest balance of justice....and every thing favours the exercise of the strictest impartiality. Peter is, unquestionably, a great satyrist....and those who smile at his pleasant tales and whimsical descriptions, may also reverse the picture, and weep at his tender and sentimental effusions.]

[From a London Publication.]

MEMOIRS OF

## JOHN WOLCOT, M. D.

THIS gentleman, better known by his poetical appellation of *Peter Pindar*, is a native of that part of Devonshire which has been called the Garden of England. He was educated, we believe, at Kingsbridge, near which he was born. The school-master of that town, an exceeding good scholar, and a man of most amiable manners, was a quaker.

The uncle of our bard being a single man, and established at Fowey, in Cornwall, as an Apothecary, took his nephew, when young, with a view to his succeeding him in his business. Here he acquired a tolerable share of medical knowledge; and was in great esteem with his kinsman, and the neighbourhood. At his leisure hours he cultivated his mind by the perusal of the best modern writers; and improved himself considerably in the art of drawing, to which he shewed an early propensity.

On the appointment of Sir William Trelawney to be Governor of Jamaica, about the year 1769, Mr. Wolcot felt a strong inclination to accompany him, especially as that gentleman was a distant relation of his own, and a great friend to the family. He accordingly pressed his uncle, not only to give his consent to the project, but also to solicit the favour from Sir William.

The old gentleman was at first extremely concerned at this turn in his nephew's mind. It was a complete overthrow of his favourite scheme respecting him, and it was moreover depriving himself of a most useful assistant. Remonstrances, however, were vain; and therefore, with the greatest good nature, he waited upon the Governor, and obtained the favour that the young adventurer should make one in his suite.

In the voyage the ship touched at Madeira, where Peter, enchanted with the beauties which nature so luxuriously exhibits in that island, wrote some exquisite sonnets. On his arrival at Jamaica, he commenced surgeon, with which he blended the practice of physic, and was actually nominated Physician General to the island. A circumstance, however, occurred that diverted him for some time from his medical career, and threw him into the arms of a profession, for which few men were ever less qualified.

The incumbent of the most valuable living in Jamaica happened to pay the last tribute to nature not long after the Doctor settled there. Whether his practise had not been sufficiently lucrative, or what other motive possessed him, we knew not, but certain it is, he looked upon that vacant rectory with a wishful eye. As there was no clergyman at hand to supply the place of the deceased, the physician of the body commenced physician of the soul, and actually officiated for a considerable time in this capacity, reading the prayers of the church of England, and preaching occasionally.

Fearing, at length, that he should be superceded, by a regular minister properly instituted to the living, the Doctor set out for England, carrying with him strong letters of recommendation to the Bishop of London, that he might not only be ordained but also be appointed to the church which he had served.

But though his application was backed pretty strongly by some very considerable friends in England, the Bishop refused to admit him, on the ground, we believe, of his having presumed to perform the ministerial duties without being properly licensed thereto.

In consequence of this disappointment, the Doctor declined revisiting his patients and parishioners in the West-Indies; but having previously obtained the degree of M. D. from one of the Scotch universities, he went down to the place of his former residence, and after living there some time, removed to Truro, where he practised for several years as a physician, with great credit and success. About this time his uncle died, and left him nearly two thousand pounds.

The doctor's satirical vein shewed itself on various occasions in Cornwall; particularly in some humorous jokes, which he played off upon the late Mr. Rosewarne, of Truro, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood. He was also engaged in some troublesome and expensive lawsuits; one of which was with the corporation of Truro, relative to their right of putting upon him a parish apprentice. In consequence of these disputes, he found that part of the world disagreeable, and therefore resolved to quit it for a sphere more congenial to his talents and disposition.

During his residence in this county, the Doctor had an opportunity of bringing forward to the world an eminent natural genius, who otherwise might have been buried in total oblivion, or at the most have been a sign-painter in his native county. The person we allude to was JOHN OPIE, whose rude drawings in common chalk, especially likenesses, our Doctor viewed with some curiosity and admiration in his rides through the village of St. Anne, where Opie was a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house-carpenter.

These drawings were so superior to what could be expected in such a place, and from such a person, that the physician was induced to become his instructor and patron. He accordingly furnished him with materials, and gave him lessons, by which he profited in a manner that surprised and delighted the benevolent tutor. Having made a rapid progress, Opie went to Exeter, where he acquired some knowledge of oil painting. From that city he removed to London, and under Sir Joshua Reynolds became one of the most eminent artists of the age.

We are sorry to remark, however, that a violent misunderstanding took place during some years between the doctor and his pupil, and from what we can learn, the cause originated in the forgetfulness with which the latter affected to treat his obligations to the former.

Of the Doctor's poetical productions while he was engaged in the practice of physic, we have seen only one specimen; but that is an excellent one, and we trust our readers will be pleased with us for inserting it in this place.

In the year 1776, when Mr. Polwhele, well-known by his various publications, was at Truro-school, he had given to him for an evening exercise, to be translated

into English, the following beautiful Latin Epigram on sleep:

Somne levis, quamquem certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te, tamen esse tori:
Alma quies, optata veni; nam, fic, sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est; sic, sine morte, mori.

Of this epigram the doctor was requested to give a translation, which he produced in a few minutes as follows:

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And tho' death's image to my couch repair,
How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie,
Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die!

"Our author's first literary production was an "*Epistle to the Reviewers*," 4to. 1782, a truly laughable piece of satire, and certainly discharged against fair game. His next performance was "*Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*," 1785, in which is a happy mixture of wit, taste, and elegance, but at the same time it must be allowed, that a want of candour distinguishes the criticisms, and particularly with respect to the paintings of Mr. West.

In the year following, he published another set of odes to the members of the Royal Academy, bearing the same characteristics. About the same time he produced a performance of more originality and boldness. This was the *Lousiad*, a mock heroic poem, abounding in wit, humour, and strength.

The foundation on which our Satirist erected this lively piece, was this:—His Majesty one evening at supper observed a human hair upon his plate, among some green peas. This offensive object occasioned a decree to be issued forth, that all the cooks, scullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, should have their heads shaved. Great murmurings were excited by this mandate; but the law, like that of the Medes and Persians, was irrevocable.

On this incident, Peter formed his exquisite production; only changing the hair, by virtue of the *licentia poetica*, to a living animal.

His next production was an epistle to James Boswell, Esq. the self-sufficient attendant upon Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides. This was followed by "*Bozzi*, and *Piozzi*," in which the folly of tittle tattle biographers is exposed in the happiest manner.

The greatest success attended our author's publication. Never did any satirist display such various excellence. Those who disapproved his sentiments, and were offended at his freedom and want of respect for authority, could not read his poems with unmoved muscles. To give a catalogue of his numerous writings would be needless. There can be no occasion to specify at length what is universally known, and as universally admired. Though our author has shone most conspicuously as a satirist, and, here indeed, his splendour has been of an extraordinary brillancy, yet the reader of his sonnets will sometimes be disposed to regret his having devoted so much of his time and genius to temporary and personal subjects.

The admirers of poetical elegance, may laugh at our bard's pleasant tales and whimsical descriptions; but they will feel a more exquisite sensation on reading the tender and sentimental effusions of his pen.

The Doctor, we understand, lately superintend a new edition of Pilkington's dictionary of Painters, to which he made some additions. Before we conclude, it may not be amiss to remark, that in his conversation our Satirist does not exhibit either that facetiousness or acerbity which are so eminently displayed in his works.

## Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and inform your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expense."

### DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF BREMEN. BY WRAXALL.

This is a great city, a rich city, and a commercial one; but I cannot say I think it very agreeable, or that it contains much to gain a traveller's attention. Was human life of double the limits nature has assigned to it, one should not be tempted to visit it more than once. It must, however, be confessed, I saw it to some disadvantage, not being provided with letters of introduction, as I had not intended to have included it in the plan of my tour. By the help, however, of my landlord, to whose good offices necessity has made me a debtor, I have seen every thing deserving attention here, and shall leave it this afternoon perfectly well satisfied with my stay. One of these has appeared to me so extraordinary, and is in itself, I apprehend, so very singular, that if I had not been an eye witness of it, no testimony would have convinced me of its reality; and if it was not of such a nature as to be universally examined, I should fear the world would doubt my veracity.

I always apprehended that human bodies after death, if interred, or exposed to the air without any preparation to defend them from the attacks of it, would of necessity corrupt, become offensive and putrify. The art of embalming is very ancient, and was invented to preserve them from this inevitable consequence of death; but that they may remain unputrified for centuries without any sort of artificial aid, I have seen so incontestibly proved since my arrival, that I imagine not the shadow of doubt can remain about it.

Under the cathedral church is a vaulted apartment, supported on pillars; it is near sixty paces long, and half as many broad. The light and air are constantly admitted into it by three windows, though it is several feet beneath the level of the ground. Here are five large oak coffers, rather than coffins, each containing a corpse. I examined them severally for near two hours. The most curious and perfect, is that of a woman. Tradition says she was an English countess, who, dying here at Bremen, ordered her body to be placed in this vault uninterred, in the apprehension that her relations would cause is to be brought over to her native country. They say it has lain here two hundred and fifty years. Though the muscular skin is totally dried in every part, yet so little are the features of the face sunk or changed, that nothing is more certain than that she was young, and even beautiful. It is a small countenance, round in its contour. The cartilage of the nose and the nostrils have undergone no alteration. Her teeth are all firm in the sockets, but the lips are drawn away from over them. The cheeks are shrunk in, but yet less than I ever remember to have seen in embalmed bodies. The hair of her head is at this time more than eighteen inches long, very thick, and so fast, that I have heaved the corps out of the coffer by it. The colour is a light brown, and as fresh and glossy, as that of a living person. That this lady was of high rank seems evident, from the extreme fineness of the linen which covers her body; but I have in vain endeavoured to procure any lights into her history, her title, or any other particulars, though I have taken no little pains for that purpose. The landlord of the inn, who was with me, said he remembered it for forty years past, during which time there is not the least perceptible alteration in it.

In another coffer is the body of a workman, who is said to have tumbled off the church, and was killed by the fall. His features evince this most forcibly. Extreme agony is marked in them. His mouth is wide open, and his eye-lids the same. The eyes are dried up. His breast is unnaturally distended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.

A little child who died of the small

pox is still more remarkable. The marks of the postules, which have broken the skin on his hands and head, are very discernible; and one should suppose that a body which died of such a distemper, must contain, in a high degree, the seeds of putrefaction.

The two other corpses are not less extraordinary. There are in this vault, likewise, turkeys, hawks, weasels, and other animals, which have been hung up here; some time immemorial, some very lately, and are in the most complete preservation; the skin, bills, feathers, all unaltered. The cause of this phænomenon is, doubtless, the dryness of the place where they are laid. It is in vain to seek for any other. The magistrates do not permit that any fresh bodies be brought here, and there is no other subterranean chamber which has the same property. It would have made an excellent miracle two or three centuries ago in proper hands, but now mankind are grown too wise.

This city is celebrated for its old hock. The wine is all brought from the banks of the Rhine by land-carriage, and deposited in the public cellars. These are wondrously capacious, running baneath the Town-House and Exchange; but are not comparable in, magnificence, to those I have seen at Oeyras in Portugal, belonging to the Marquis de Pombal, or those of Constantia, at the Cape of Good Hope. There is one particular room, called the Rose, where they keep wine, as they say, of one hundred and seventy years old, and for which they ask seven dollars, or twenty-five shillings a bottle; but it is not fit at this time to drink.

Bremen stands upon the river Wesel. Vessels of burden lie twelve or fifteen miles below the city, there not being sufficient depth of water higher up. It contains forty-five thousand inhabitants. It is a free city, under the protection of the empire, and stiles itself a republic, on the money struck here. The king of England, as Elector of Hanover, has, however, some important rights within the place; and not only the cathedral belongs to him, but a considerable number of buildings, public and private. He possesses, likewise, a species of supreme judicatorial power, as, though the magistrates take cognizance of all crimes within the territory of Bremen, his delegate or bailiff must pronounce sentence.

The fortifications though kept in very good order, are of no consequence or strength. The strongest army in the field is ever master; and during the last war, French or English were alternately received into the place, as they appeared before it.

By the municipal laws, all the race of Abraham is excluded from the capacity of trading and residing here; or at least there is so high a duty laid on their persons, that a man may remain here a century, I suppose, and not see one, it amounting to no less than a ducat a day. This exclusion has given rise to a sarcastic remark on the inhabitants themselves, which, whether just or not, I am no judge. Hamburg has adopted a contrary policy, and admits indiscriminately these people, with European nations. In a lucrative view, I know not which may be the wisest measure, but certainly the latter is the most generous, and breathes a greater philanthrophy. If every government barred its gates to these wanderers of Palestine, already labouring under the curse of dispersion, without leaders, without political strength, where must they fly for assylum? Their character, to be sure, as a nation is not much in their favour, and I am not at all surprised at their ancient passion for idolatry, since there are very few of them, I imagine, at this time, who would not bow down before a golden calf set up in London or Amsterdam, with as much devotion as their ancestors did before that in Horeb. The principle, indeed, might be somewhat different, though it has always seemed to me, as if the intrinsic value of the first calf constituted the most adorable part of his divinity in the opinion of his worshippers; else why did not Aaron make him of brass at once?

Plutus and Mercury are the chief deities venerated in this city, and like the senate in Tiberius's time, they will not admit the gods of strangers. Pleasure under every shape, of dance, of comedy, of masque, seems peculiarly hateful. She has, indeed, lately stole in, as my landlord tells me, once a month during the winter, in the form of a concert, to the no little terror of the burgomasters, who have endeavoured to proscribe this unprecedented refinement. The most polite manner of spending an evening known for several centuries past in Bremen, has been that of meeting in small boxes about twenty feet long and six wide, in the public cellar, where they drink hock under a cloud of smoke raised from their own pipes. One may swear these are the genuine descendants of the ancient Saxons, who imagined the joys of heaven to consist in drinking ale out of the skulls of their enemies! Women, the only venial object of idolatry, seem not here to hold any rank in society, or to form the connecting charm which binds the jarring principles of human nature together. Man, solitary man, meets in clubs and companies, to doze, to drink, and to dispute. The very idea is odious and disgusting.

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[We embrace this opportunity of laying before the public a prayer of one of the faithful. The reader will discover the sentiments of the petitioner to be of the most *disinterested* kind. These characters are now becoming quite common; and the first law of nature will be remembered of all others the longest.]

## A MISER'S PRAYER.

The falshood and selfishness of the human heart has been the theme of moralists and satyrists ever since the days of Job and Juvenal. The numberless ways in which our own interest intrudes upon our contemplations, and perverts our wishes, has often been observed. Some poet has taken occasion to exemplify these perversions in detailing the prayers put up, by a great number of votaries, at the shrine of some popular divinity. He represents the indigent as praying for wealth, the unmarried for an husband, the childless for offspring, and the impatient heir for the death of the present possessor.

It is not to be imagined that the present times furnish fewer examples of depravity and selfishness than former times; or that men, in their invocations to heaven, have a less internal and secret regard to their own interest. The audible language of prayer is pretty uniform; but the modifications which the terms employed undergo, in passing through the mind, are endlessly diversified.

The following attempt to *translate* the prayers of a worldly mind, fell lately within my reach; and, being hitherto unpublished, I imagined it might hit the fancy of some of your readers, and might not prove unacceptable to you. The following, then, is an exact copy of a miser's prayer:

"Bend a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errors and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

"Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live

together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwelling be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

"Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may not pester thy faithful and thrifty servants with their outcries for charity; and deliver them from all temptation to break our doors, and thereby put us in jeopardy of our lives, and rob us of the little that thou hast given us.

"Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, hear the prayers of the widow, and the fatherless, and the halt, and the blind, and the old, and the bed-ridden, and relieve their many wants from thy own stores and thy own bounty, that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

"Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Pearl-street, between Water and William. Sundry of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

"Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they may be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and a stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithall to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

"Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these motes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

"Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of June; that so thy servant may have excuse for not paying sundry notes of his hand thereafter to become due; and that so he may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

"If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master *(under thee)* for the present voyage, Caleb Strong, which said ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston. Amen."

C.

## GOSSIPIANA.

### NO. VII.

ROUGH MODE OF COURTING.

When Henry the Eighth was dying he had recommended it to his executors, to attempt by every means in their power, to bring about a marriage with his son Edward, and Mary the young queen of Scots, and thus to unite the two kingdoms. In order to accomplish this purpose the protector *made war* on Scotland, and published a long manifesto, stating the advantages that this *match* would be to both kingdoms. Lord Huntley, however, a Scotch nobleman, smartly observed, that —"He disliked not the match—but hated *the manner of wooing!*"

OLIVER CROMWELL AND ADMIRAL BLAKE.

It is remarkable that Cromwell and Blake, the most distinguished commanders of their time, were both advanced in life before they were acquainted with arms. Cromwell was more than forty, Blake more than fifty years of age. Admiral Blake was an exalted character, of generous disinterestedness, and principled courage. A republican, rational and firm, he disapproved of the usurpation of the tyrant, and only served against the enemies of his country because he thought it right *whoever reigned*, to serve his country.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

The elevation of Richard Cromwell served to illustrate his character, and to shew him to be one of the best of mankind. He was advised to take off one of the leaders amongst the seditious. "No," replied this wonderful man, "I will not purchase authority at the price of one man's blood."

EDWARD VI.

The bigotted council of Edward VI. had long and vainly endeavoured to persuade him to sign the warrant for burning Joan Butcher, for heresy. Archbishop Crammer was desired to persuade him. "What," said the feeling and humane youth, "would you have me send her quick to the devil in her error?" But the archbishop insisting on the necessity of it; he took the warrant, on which he shed tears, and signed it, saying, "Well, my lord, I will lay all the blame on *you* at the day of judgment."

CURIOUS ANGLING.

An Irishman fishing close to Putney Bridge in a shower of rain, and being seen to throw his line constantly beneath one of the arches, was asked his reason for so doing.—He replied, "By Jasus the fish are all running there to be *out of the wet*."

FREDERIC KING OF PRUSSIA.

Voltaire tells us in his age of Lewis the XV. that Frederic, in 1740, set out for Silesia at the head of thirty thousand men. It was proposed to adorn his standard with the motto PRO DEO ET PARTRIA—*For God and my Country;* but he erased the name of GOD, saying, "That it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men, and that he was going to war for a *province* and *not* for RELIGION!"

TALL REGIMENT.

In the reviews of his tall regiment, Frederic was frequently attended by foreign ministers. When the ambassadors from France, Spain, and England were present, he asked them whether an equal number of his countrymen would engage with these *gigantic soldiers!* The ambassadors of France and Spain answered the question in the *negative*, whilst the English ambassador, with a spirit characteristic

of his nation, replied, "I cannot, Sir," said he, "take upon me to assert that an equal number of my countrymen would beat them, but this I think I may venture to affirm, that—HALF *the number would try!!*"

HARDENED VILLAINY.

A young man of nineteen at Bourdeaux, was lately convicted and executed for having murdered his aunt. Those who saw him between the time of his sentence and execution, give the following particulars respecting him:—Having some knowledge of drawing, this young man amused himself with tracing on some pieces of paper the circumstances of the assassination; on one was delineated the posture in which he stood when he first struck his aunt; on another he drew himself knocking her brains out; in a third he represented himself on a sledge going to the scaffold.

SIR THOMAS BURNET

Was distinguished for the evenness of his temper, of which the following instance was recorded. Dining with a friend, the coachman, who was waiting, spilt some soup or gravy upon his clothes. While they were rubbed, he said, with great good humour, to the coachman—"Let me advise you, friend, for the future, to grease nothing but your wheels."

DR. RICHARD BUSBY

Being once in a large company, sat at table between Mrs. South and Mrs. Sherlock. The conversation turned upon wives. Dr. Busby said, that he believed wives, in general, were good "though to be sure," says he, "there might be a bad one *here* and a bad one *there!*"

FRENCH PROPHETS.

One of them, at the beginning of the present century, went to Sir Thomas Parker, chief justice of the court of king's bench, and told him, from the *Lord*, that he was to issue a *noli prosequi*, with regard to some of his brethren. The answer was, that if he had come from the *Lord*, he would have been directed to the Attorney General, whose business it was to do such things.

DR. JOHN CAMPBELL,

The author of the Survey of Great-Britain, was so absent, that looking once into a pamphlet at a bookseller's shop, liked it so well that he purchased it, and it was not till he had read it half through, that he discovered it to be his own composition. This he told the late David Hume.

PERSON OF DANIEL DE FOE, AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE,

Is to be learnt from the following curious proclamation, taken from the London Gazette, dated St. James's, Jan. 10, 1702-3. "Whereas Daniel de Foe, alias Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (that is, *ironically*, advising the government to hang them all)—he is a middle sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and, for many years, an hose-factor in Freeman's yard, Cornhill, and is now owner of the bricks and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel de Foe to one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her Majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid on such discovery."

He soon gave himself up—and having been tried, he stood in the pillory with great fortitude, for soon after he published a poem, entitled *A Hymn to the Pillory*, in which are the following singular lines:

Men, that are men, in thee can feel no pain,
And all thy insignificants disdain,
Contempt, that false new word for shame,
Is, without crime, an empty name;
A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well fix'd mind,
Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals innocence adorn.

Referring to a design of putting the learned Selden in the pillory, for his History of Tythes, he says, smartly:

Even the learned Selden saw
A prospect of thee thro' the law;
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
But so much honour never was thy due.
Had the great Selden triumph'd on thy stage,
Selden, the honour of his age,
No man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where *Selden* stood before.

This original poem ends with these remarkable lines, referring to himself:

Tell them, the man that placed him here,
Are scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.

De Foe, however, was afterwards received into favour, without any concessions on his part, and proceeded straight onwards in the discharge of what he deemed to be his duty to mankind. He certainly was an extraordinary man for disinterestedness, perseverance, and industry.

New-York,
SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1802.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

I THANK you for the attention with which you have hitherto listened to my unvarnished tales. I know not whether I have been equally successful with the public. Conscious that my intentions are good, however feeble my efforts, I shall occasionally impart the incidents, together with my ideas upon them, that come within the sphere of my observation.

Among the vast catalogue of crimes which are daily committed in populous cities, there are few more conspicuous, and none more henious, than that of SEDUCTION. How cautious should be the proceedings of the youthful fair! What inquisitive eyes should they fix on the man who asks admittance to their confidence! Seduction is the precursor of numberless ills....the parent of disgrace, disease, want, and, finally, of death!

My thoughts were directed into this channel by an occurrence which took place in this city a few days since. You well know, Sir, the season is mild, and the air pure; and that, when smiling Nature is re-assuming all her charms, we are induced to stroll out, wrapt in contemplation, to taste the health-restoring breeze of grey-eyed morn, and view the sun as it peeps from behind "yon high eastern hill."

My steps were directed up Broadway, and, being absorbed in a reverie, the first object that brought my thoughts back to this world was a little girl, stretched out before me, with some small sticks of fuel at her side, who insisted that I had pushed her over. I did not spend much time debating whether I had or not, but gently lifted her up, bid her be of good cheer, and asked, not without some anxiety, her name and place of residence. After some hesitation she replied as follows:

"My name is Eliza. My mother lives in Warren-street, in a cold cellar-kitchen. My sister is sick; and we have no wood to make her comfortable....no nourishment for her or our own support....and no means of procuring it. I have been out in quest of fuel, and this is all I've found."

It is almost impossible for you to judge what effect these words, uttered with plaintive sweetness by one of tender years, and of the softer sex, had upon a mind "feelingly alive to each fine impulse." "I will see them," said I, "and you, my little girl, shall be my conductor."

Now will I compensate you, thought I, as I followed her along, for my rudeness..... She guessed my thoughts....looked at me.... and wept. My heart fluttered as I gazed upon her. Her countenance was expressive, and denoted her the child of sensibility. "I will rear this tender plant," said I, "and place it in a bed of roses. I will watch it as it expands to the morning sun, and shelter it from impending storms. The day shall be spent in its culture, and it shall breathe its odors on my posterity!"

She led me down a narrow flight of steps, and showed me the horrors of a subterraneous abode. We were courteously received by her mother, who looked at me in silence. I cast my eye around and discovered a wretched couch, on which lay a woman, the most disgusting spectacle my eyes ever beheld. This, Sir, was an object of seduction! For some time I could not find words to excuse my unsought visit. I was aware of the impropriety of delay; and, putting a bill into the hand of the mother, begged she would send for the necessary comforts. Though reduced to the most extreme indigence, she reluctantly received my assistance. She had seen better days; and, as I soon discovered, possessed sufficient discernment to know the drift of my thoughts.

"You have come, Sir," said she, "to the abode of wretchedness. From whom you have gained a knowledge of my family..... misfortunes....and present situation, I know not....it is of little consequence now. A glance is sufficient to tell your errand. Your goodness claims my gratitude. You have, however, come too late. My daughter cannot survive many days; and I, worn out with care and sorrow, shall soon follow her to the silent grave, 'the house appointed for all living.' I may, with truth, repeat the words of the poet:

'My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her peaceful home,
Was cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.'

"In the year 1798, we were in good circumstances. My husband was living....my children, in the bloom of youth, were innocent and respected....and I was the happiest of women. Alas! how soon was all my happiness turned to pain! A youth, whom we loved as a son, and whom we shortly expected to have called by that endearing appellation, betrayed the confidence we placed in him.... violated Heaven's best law....and succeeded in carrying off our deluded and infatuated child. He took her to Philadelphia....kept her till his appetite was sated....and then basely left her. Overwhelmed with remorse and shame, she had no resource but to join the 'frail sisterhood,' and add one more to the list of the Devil's pensioners. The shock was too much for a father, who tenderly loved her, and he paid the debt of nature shortly after. My husband's affairs became deranged; and I was aroused from my stupor by the Sheriff, who seized all the household and sold it to the highest bidder. At this momentous crisis I received word from my wretched daughter, who implored my pardon, and besought me, by all the love she had formerly shown me, to forgive and take her home. 'Alas! my child, thy crimes have killed thy father, and thrown thy mother on the mercy of the world.....I HAVE NO HOME!' was all that I could answer. I took this cellar, and in it received my unhappy child. She has lingered ever since, but cannot hold out much longer. My sorrow is great....but 'God tempers the wind to the shorne lamb."

Here she paused. The silence of death ensued. Her narrative had overpowered me; and I sunk upon the floor. When a portion of my strength returned, I bid them good morning, and sought my dwelling. As I was returning, I involuntarily exclaimed, "O man! why hast thou absolute power over the weaker sex? And why, knowing thyself to possess it, dost thou abuse it? Woman is an interesting creature....a sacred deposit; and who are there among us that is insensible of the value of so rich a prize? Let man respect virtue in whatever garb it appears. Let the institution of marriage be held sacred, in all ranks of society; and mankind, rising superior to vice, shall gain a crown of glory more durable than earth."

OBSERVER.

### ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVI.

*Illustrating the Retreat of the Duke of Brunswick. From the French of M. d' Essex, a Confessor of the King's.*

WHEN Malsherbes, in reading over to the king the list of those who had voted against his death, testified some surprize that Manuel was among the number:—"I am not astonished," replied his majesty, "it is rather Pethion who surprizes me, and I will give you the reason: I was seated at this very table, during the first days of September, when Messrs. Pethion, Manuel, and Kersaint came to me on the ever memorable morning. They told me that all must be lost; that there was nothing which could oppose the arrival of the king of Prussia at Paris; and that they believed when he should have come within a short distance of the capital, the people would rise—massacre me, then my family, and carry our heads in procession to the enemy. They saw no means of escaping this calamity, but by the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick; and, if I could prevail on him to retire with his troops, they would answer for the future safety (and procure an engagement of the same kind from the communes) of myself and family. I consented to the measure, and wrote under the immediate dictation of Manuel, at this very table. Pethion, Manuel, and Kersaint signed below, as engaged for the Communes, and I sent off the letter."

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.

COWPER.

## MARRIED,

At Alexandria (New Kent County), Mr. MICHAEL SHERMAN, aged *ninety-seven years and four days*, to the amiable and accomplished Miss ELIZA POINDEXTER, aged *fourteen*.

## DIED,

At Albany, ALEXANDER SPENCER, Esq. Member of Assembly from the County of Dutchess.

At Philadelphia, Mr. CHARLES YOUNG, Merchant, a native and respectable citizen, in his 51st year, after a long and painful illness.

## PRINTING,

IN all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

# Parnassian Garland.

ADDRESS TO THE MONTH OF MARCH.

March! thou tyrant, haste away,
Quick begone, nor make delay;
With thee go, thy blust'ring train,
Windy storm, and chilly rain;
Morning cold, and ev'ning dews;
Coughs, catarrhs, and all their crews.

Winter bleak, of brow severe,
Frowning on the new born year,
Wrapt in snow, with icy beard,
Never need, like thee, be fear'd;
Life he breathes in frosty breath;
Far are blown the seeds of death.

Healthful is the northwest gale,
Keen that sweeps the icy vale;
Warming is the fleecy vest,
Open'd wide on nature's breast;
Bracing too the frosted air,
Giving roses to the fair.

But, the tyrant March, at morn,
Blows aloud his aerial horn;
Then perhaps at noon tide hour,
Dozing in Eolian bower,
Scarce a zephyr's wing'd around,
Lightly rustling o'er the ground.

Then again with pois'nous breath,
Breathing forth the winds of death,
Shrill he winds his piercing tones,
Arrows sharp to crazy bones;
Colds, catarrhs and agues rage,
Foe of youth, and plague to age.

Now the sun arising bright,
Drives away the shades of night,
Whilst the azure skies serene,
Smile in rapture on the scene;
And the heavens reflect around,
Light and beauty o'er the ground.

Then as wak'd from drowsy nap,
(Ah! to mankind what mishap)
March, he veils the face of day,
Dark obscuring sol's bright ray;
Sombre shadows round are thrown;
Tempests girdle nature's zone.

March! thou tyrant, haste, depart,
See! I spurn thee from my heart;
With thee go, thy fatal train,
Windy storms, and chilling rain;
Morning cold, and ev'ning dews,
Colds, catarrhs, and all their crews.

ALMERINE.

---

A POETICAL FRAGMENT.

Lone to the winds, yon stands a murky cell;
  Cold, chill neglect has mark'd the sombre cave;
Here mantling silence pensive seems to dwell;
And quite deserted moulds the turf-heap'd grave.

No sighs ascend, save what the zephyr breathes;
  No tears fall there, save solemn eve's light dew;
No fragrant garland sad compassion weaves;
  Nor stops the stranger the dark grave to view.

Just lifts above the moss a shapeless stone,
  Drest with no soft engraving from the nine;
Nor e'en one number simply boasts its own,
  From the rude poet in still ruder rhyme.
The lank leaved willow o'er it seems to wave;
  And cypress honours by the lone oak paid,
That reverend bows its branches to the grave,
  And veils the withering sod with ev'ning shade.

On its high top the bird of ev'ning screams,
  When day nods on the bosom of the deep;
Or trembling star beams kiss the shiv'ring streams,
  And night's tir'd genii wraps the world in sleep.
Say, to the lone winds stands the murky cell?
  Or cold neglected groans the sombre cave?
But ye who now in softest whispers tell,
  Who's hail'd the tenant of the desert grave.

A poor lost wanderer to this hamlet stray'd,
  To yield his breath, and shed the last lone tear;
A child of pity here the wanderer laid,
  And bade the turf unweeded flourish here.

Loud sings the peasant as he passes by;
  Cold is the wind that o'er the clod does blow;
No plaintive music moves its pensive string,
  In warbling wild, or in melancholy slow.

Unmourn'd, the wanderer in the arms of death,
  Rests with a cloud of silence on his head;
No sympathetic tale winds o'er the heath,
  But just to breathe, that thou, alas! art dead!
The pallid moon gleams pale across the shade,
  And wanders winding o'er the mould'ring dust.

LAVINIA.

---

PROLOGUE

To "The two Friends," written by Mr. Joseph Appleton of Darmouth College, deceased.

In ancient days, ere yet the public stage
Had prov'd the patron of a vicious age,
The poet's pen, not only could inspire
A genial warmth, but kindle virtue's fire.
'Twas not alone the jocund smile to move,
The sacred muses left the realms above,
But to direct us thro' this thorny road,
To happier mansions, virtue's blest abode:
To teach mankind to scorn delusive art;
To mend the principles, and guide the heart.
Virtue and friendship were the themes alone,
Which ancient poets deign'd to dwell upon.
No love intrigues Euripides reveals,
He paints no passions nature never feels;
Simple and just, he us'd no other slight,
Than showing nature in her natural light:
Nor do the moderns, to give all their praise,
Excel the ancients, but in lewder plays.

'Tis said dy some, the subjects of the stage
Should be the manners of the living age.
That by a mirror held before our eyes,
The good we might approve, the bad despise;
By real life, if present or if past,
It matters not, so we improve at last.
Forgive the author, 'tis an ancient story,
He courts th' applause of neither whig nor tory;
Nor does he strive the fed'ral dome to raise,
Nor scatter discord with contentious lays;
But friendship's flame he wishes to inspire,
And quench the sparks of amorous desire.
Let reason sway, and love alone may find
At reason's side, a place within the mind.
But shun like poison, shun that fatal flame
That conquers reason—odious, hated name!
Learn then in youth to curb its ruling power;
But nourish friendship, heaven implanted flower.
Within your breast ne'er let a passion move,
But what with pleasure, heaven may well approve.

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SUN SET.

A down the tracks of lucid day,
The glowing sun pursues his way;
And pours a variant flood of light,
From yellow morn, to dusky night.

Rapid he wheels the golden car,
Which mid day splendours darted far,
From eastern worlds to western clime,
And sinks in majesty sublime.

Behold him cast the side-long rays,
That backward rolls the tide of day;
And lights the east with purer rays,
Than op'ning morn's descending blaze.

Down the tall mound retreating slow,
Loth, very loth, he seems to go;
Nor eye can mark the les'ning fire,
That quite reluctant quits the spire.

Next from some window's shining pane,
He glides towards the humbler plain;
And still retreating, steals away;
Nor leaves on earth, a spark of day.

BELINDA.

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